

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL. 9.

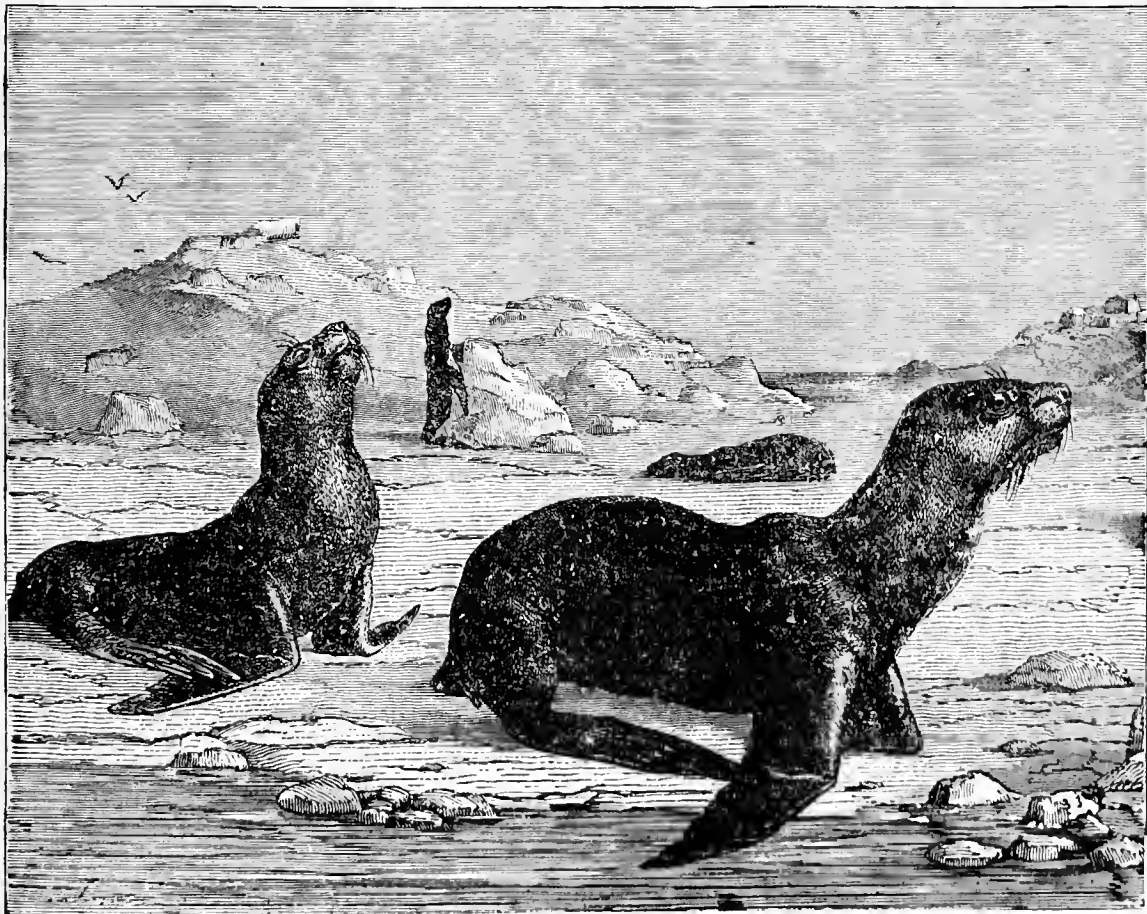
SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1874.

NO. 25.

## SEA LIONS.

THERE are many seal-like animals which are larger than the common seal, of which latter we gave a picture in Number 17. The largest kind of all is the sea-elephant, which is so named on account of its size, and because it has a proboscis or trunk like an elephant. This monstrous animal is no less than

Then come the sea-lions, of which there are two kinds, the northern and the southern. The former are found in the Arctic regions and are maneless, like those in our picture; the latter live in the Antarctic regions, are larger than the northern sea-lions, and have a complete mane like the lion.



twenty-five feet in length. It is found on the shores and islands of the Antarctic ocean.

Another seal-like animal is called the sea-bear, because of its dark shaggy fur. The chief home of this animal is the Island of St. Paul, which is in the Arctic ocean, not far from Behring's Strait.

At certain seasons of the year innumerable herds of sea-lions cover the shores of St. George's island, which is near to St. Paul's, and immense numbers of them are captured by the Esquimaux, the Aleuts, and other natives of the far north.

The last of these animals which we will mention is the sea-leopard, which owes its name to its spotted skin.

The various kinds of seals and seal-like animals are of immense use to the natives of the icy regions of the north, and, indeed, they could hardly exist without them. Seal-flesh is their principal food; the fat of the animal gives them oil for their lamps and their fires; its skin is made into warm and strong garments, and it is also used to cover their boats, their sledges and their tents, and it is cut into strips for their harness and their whips; its stomach is used for an oil flask, and for making waterproof coats; its sinews are used instead of thread and silk, for sewing; the thick webs of its flippers furnish excellent soles for boots; and its bones are made into hooks, knives and spear-points.

We see the goodness of God in providing these very useful animals, and in such immense numbers. Thousands are often met with on a single island, and hundreds on a single ice-floe. Numerous sailing vessels and many steamers go from our own country, and especially from St. John's, Newfoundland, and bring home large quantities of seals or seal-oil. Four steamers have lately arrived at St. John's, each of which captured on an average twenty thousand seals.

One of the sights at San Francisco, California, is to go out to the Cliff House, on the beach of the Pacific ocean, and witness the gambols of the immense herds of sea-lions which crowd the islands a little distance from the shore. Some of them have become so well known to those who frequent the spot, that they have given them names; among others one is called "Ben Butler," from a fancied resemblance which it bears to General Butler. A few years ago some of these animals were brought through Salt Lake City, as they were being taken east for exhibition there. They were exhibited here at the Museum of Bro. John W. Young, of which our interesting correspondent BETH is in charge.

## A REMINISCENCE.

BY J. H.

(Concluded.)

AFTER leaving the ship we pulled for about one hundred and fifty yards, when Captain Salmon called to Mr. Richards, who had charge of the second cutter, to pull in and rescue Mr. Brodie, the master. We pulled towards the ship, and, in hope of being rescued, the poor fellows in the water kept crying out, "Here is Mr. Brodie!" We picked up three of them, but finding that Mr. Brodie was not among them, the boat was turned around and pulled from the ship. Just at that moment there was a terrible crash, and a still more fearful shriek from the ship, and looking towards her we saw that she had parted in two amid-ships, the after part being raised so high in the air that I could see right under her. By this elevation all of those left on the quarter deck were hurled into the water and jammed between the broken portion of the ship and the coal that was stowed on the upper deck. It was a fearful sight, and one never to be forgotten by those who beheld it. The ship immediately sank, carrying with her all the poor souls who had not been taken off by the boat, and all this happened in much less time than it takes to tell it, for, from the time of striking till she sank, it was only about fifteen minutes. No one had the least idea of such a calamity, and to illustrate the feeling of security among the hands, I will here relate an incident: As I was going from the starboard paddle box, a marine who was doing ship's cook's duty, said, "Well boys, it will soon be daybreak," and so saying, he lighted his pipe and commenced smoking.

After the sinking of the ship we pulled for the shore, with the view of landing the people saved and then of returning to the wreck with the hope of saving others who might be drifting on pieces of the wreck. On nearing the shore the roar was so great with the sea breaking on the beach, that after a consultation it was determined to keep out at sea. The man who most opposed our landing was an old sailor named Charles Noble, and had it not been for his advice the boat would in all probability have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, and all hands drowned.

We pulled to sea again, and were soon joined by two other boats, the 1st cutter and gig, making in all three boats saved from the ship. We remained together till the forenoon, when a sail was seen away out to sea. A consultation was held and it was determined to try and reach the sail. Accordingly the stoutest and best men were placed in the gig and 1st cutter, leaving the poorest crew in the 2nd cutter, with the women and children. We parted company and, as we supposed, both the boats pulled for the sail. For quite a while the distant ship steered on her course, and even stood more out to sea. The poor women, some of whom had children at the breast, were very sad when they saw the ship steering away from us, for the wind began to blow and we knew that we could not catch her, and the fear became general that the other boats had abandoned us. We in the boat, thirty-three in all, dreaded the idea of spending another night at sea, without food or water. In our desperation, like drowning men catching at straws, it was determined to make for the ship, and accordingly, not having any sails in the boat, a temporary mast was rigged, a shawl belonging to one of the women being hoisted for a sail, and above that, as a signal, a pair of drawers. I well remember with what satisfaction, and I may say joy, the signal was regarded in the boat, for it was confidently hoped by us that the red shawl and white drawers, now filled by the wind, would attract the attention of those on board the vessel we were trying to reach. Our hope, however, was dampened by the fact that the sea began to get rough, and the boat to take in considerable water, which caused great danger of our being swamped.

It was about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, when one of the sailors cried out—"Look, the sail is making for us." All eyes were instantly turned in the direction of the ship, when we saw that our signal had been observed and that she was making towards us. Our joy at the prospect of being rescued from death was so great that nearly all on board the boat gave one of the most hearty shouts that I have ever heard. No sooner had the ship trimmed her sails and was steering for us, than she hoisted the English flag, and we knew by that, that one of the boats had reached her, and the others would soon be picked up.

It was not long before we could see most all of her sails, and also a dark object going aloft; on nearing us we found out that the latter was one of our own men, who had been on the lookout for the other boats. To say that the sight was hailed with joy would convey a faint idea of the emotions that filled the breasts of those in the second cutter.

The ship soon came up with us and we were taken on board of what proved to be the schooner *Lioness*, Captain Ramzon, from Cape Town, bound for the Isle of France.

As soon as we were all on board sail was made for the wreck, in order to save, if possible, any who might be floating around on portions of the vessel remaining above water. On approaching the wreck we observed the main mast with the main topsail yard above water, and about forty men perched on the

yard, all of whom were taken on board the schooner by their boats, manned by the survivors of the ill-fated *Birkenhead*. This accomplished, we made sail for Simon's Bay, but owing to contrary winds our voyage was tedious. As we neared the place of our destination, we saw a steamer coming towards us, which proved to be the *Rhadamanthus*, which had been dispatched to pick up the survivors of the *Birkenhead*, some of the men who had got on shore, having walked across the country and given the account of the disaster. You can form no idea of the anxiety of the people at Simon's Bay for the safety of the women and children, and those in the boats, for they had been informed that we had neither food nor water; and in one boat was thirty-nine souls, young and old, and about twenty in the other, besides those who were supposed to be on the wreck, and for eighty or ninety people to be without food or water for three or four days, naturally caused a great deal of anxiety for their safety, for those who had reached the shore did not know of our good fortune in being picked up by the *Lioness*.

We were taken in tow by the *Rhadamanthus*, towed into Simon's Bay, and transferred to H. M. S. *Castor*, where we found a sumptuous repast awaiting us.

We remained on board the *Castor* three days, and while there that generous disposition so characteristic of sailors was manifested towards the survivors. I have learned by experience that if a man has passed through danger and shipwreck he can sympathize with those in like circumstances, and hence the kindness of those on board the *Castor*, some of whom had passed through like perils.

H. M. ship *Amazon*, of twenty-six guns, Captain Trowbridge, shortly afterwards sailed into the harbor, and the survivors of the *Birkenhead* were transferred to her. The *Amazon* had been from England five years, stationed in the Chinese seas. She sailed from Simon's Bay in March, 1852, and after a run of a few days sighted St. Helena.

## SEAS OF GRASS.

OUR western prairies stretching as far as eye can reach, and covered with tall grass moving with a wavelike motion in the wind, have often been compared to seas. But our prairies do not deserve the name of seas of grass as well as do the great llanos, or grass plains of South America.

The llanos of Venezuela occupy an area which Humboldt estimated at 153,000 square miles—a space equal to that occupied by the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. These immense plains are as flat as the surface of the sea in a calm, and the whole weary level is covered with tall, rank grass.

We are told that one might travel over this dead plain for over eleven hundred miles, from the delta of the Orinoco river to the Andes of Pasto, and not encounter an eminence one foot in height. Yet there really is one slight inequality. This is called a *mesa*, and is a gentle knoll swelling very gradually to an elevation, of a few yards. This slight elevation, rising so gradually that the eye does not perceive it, is the water-shed which divides the water that falls during the rainy season, sending a part to the southeast to feed the Orinoco, and a part to northwest to feed the streams flowing to the north.

During the rainy season, from April to the end of October, the great seas of grass become seas of shallow water. The tropical rains pour down in torrents, and the swollen rivers overflow their low banks, sending their floods over hundreds of square miles of the vast plain. Great numbers of horses and

cattle, which have not been able to escape to the vast elevation of the *mesa*, or water-shed, are drowned. When the water subsides, leaving behind a rich, fertilizing sediment, the great plains become beautiful with the tall, flowering grasses of the South American plants, while in the neighborhood of the rivers a few fan-palm trees wave their broad leaves, and delicate mimosas, or sensitive-plants, skirt the river shores.

This is the period during which the llanos deserve their name as seas of grass. Later in the season, when the thirsty earth and heated air have succeeded in drinking up the last remains of the overflow of water, the llanos might be called seas of dust, for the grass has been burnt to powder by the intense dry heat, and the air is filled with dust raised, says Mangin, in his "Desert World," by currents caused by local differences of temperature, even when there is no wind. The dust thus moved in stifling waves is sometimes still farther agitated by opposing winds. When these meet, the dust and sand are caught up into enormous pillars with broad tops spreading out like inverted pyramids, which whirl through the hot air like the sand-spouts of the Saharan Desert, or the water-spouts of the ocean.

The poor animals, which during the rainy season were in such peril of drowning, are now, after a short period of happiness exposed to equal danger and worse pain, from the dry waves of dust and an agonizing thirst. How eagerly, then, they listen to the first sounds of the distant thunder, heralding the welcome, life-restoring rain! It comes; and for awhile, before the floods reach their height, the vast plains, covered with verdure and furnishing food to thousands of happy animals, become again the gentle waving seas of grass.—*St. Nicholas*.

## THE LAMANITES.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

(Continued.)

THE writer's belief is that the personages who are visiting and instructing the Lamanites are those apostles of the Nephites, to whom it was given never to taste of death, but to live to behold the doings of the Father unto the children of men until the coming of Christ in His glory, in the clouds of heaven, when those blessed apostles will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, which means, by comparison, that the transition will be exceedingly quick. These good men had the great desire that they might bring the souls of men to Christ while the world shall stand. This was a very good desire, and the Lord was well pleased with them for having it, and He is not only well pleased with them on that account, but He will also be well pleased with you, my young readers, if you have it in your hearts to do good to your fellow creatures.

Seeing that the desire to live to bring the souls of men to Christ was granted to those Nephite apostles, is it not reasonable to suppose that they are the ones who are seeking to bring the Lamanites to a knowledge of the Savior? If it be not they who can it be? For they had the promise of being permitted to do this great work, and it appears that they are being used as instruments in the hands of God in bringing to pass the promises made to the Nephite fathers, that the Lamanites who should live on this land in the latter days should receive the record of their forefathers (the Book of Mormon) and be brought to a knowledge of their Savior. This is bringing souls to Christ.

Since the writer commenced this article regarding the Lamanites he has been enabled to glean some more information

on the subject, which he hopes will be as interesting to the general readers of the INSTRUCTOR as it is to him, to whom it is intensely so, as an important matter connected with the progress and development of the work of God.

It will probably be remembered by most of the readers that there was some trouble with the Indians of the Uintah Reservation about two years ago, and that, in consequence, General Henry A. Morrow, then Commandant at Camp Douglas, held a consultation with them at Springville, in which he was assisted by Elders A. K. Thurber, then Bishop of Spanish Fork, Lyman Woods, of Springville, and others. The result of the consultation was that several of the leading Indians, or, as they should really be called, Lamanites, went to Washington, to see the President of the United States and other leading men of the nation, that they might lay their grievances before them, with a view to having their condition made better, they being dissatisfied, and probably with good reason, with the Indian agents of the government. After these Indians of the delegation had been to Washington and returned home, one of them related a very curious incident which he said occurred to him while there. He told his experience, so the writer is informed on good authority, to Brothers A. K. Thurber, S. P. Davies and A. L. Farnsworth, and the substance of the narrative as told the writer, is to the effect that, while in his room, in a hotel, at Washington, he was visited by a personage, on three different evenings, who conversed with him in a similar strain to what the messengers did who visited Toobuka, as described in the first chapter of this article.

The chief described the visitor as a person with a very beautiful, bright face, and in every way like a man. His conversation was God-like. He told the chief that it was very wrong to kill people or to steal, and counseled him never to do such things. He also told him about the Book of Mormon being a record of the forefathers of the Indians, and told him that there was still another book about the fathers of the Lamanites that the Lord would reveal, but when it would be brought forth the Lamanites would be a very different people from what they are now. They would be peaceful and industrious, and would cultivate the ground like the whites. He also stated that the "Mormons" were the friends of the Indians, and other things of similar purport.

A matter that is coincident with one statement of the Indian regarding what he said the visitor told him about the coming forth of another record, is that the Lord has promised in His due time, when the people are more righteous, to reveal the portion of the plates which were not translated by the Prophet Joseph Smith, but which were sealed, and which are probably still in care of the angel from whom Joseph Smith received the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated; and this was probably the other book or record referred to by the messenger.

(To be Continued.)

WASTED TIME.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry.—the wreck of health regained by temperance.—forgotten knowledge restored by study.—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness.—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked on his vanished hours.—recalled his slighted years.—stamped them with wisdom.—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful bolt of wasted time?

THE greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

## ANIMAL PLAGUES IN INDIA.

*From the Pen and Plow.*

As an Anglo-Indian of some twenty years' experience, I have often chuckled over the ignorance of folks at home on what really constitutes the animal plagues of life in India. There is an impression abroad that snakes and scorpions are as common in an Indian bungalow as black beetles and spiders in a London lodging house; but so far from this being the case, in all my Indian service I have never yet seen a cobra inside a house, and I dare say I could count on my fingers all I have seen out of doors when shooting, hunting, etc. As for scorpions, I was stung by one once—and suffered very little pain by the way—but they are in no wise so plentiful as is supposed; indeed, in a clean, well-swept house, I doubt if the proprietor would see two scorpions in a year, and even these would most probably be in situations where a sting would be impossible. I have known a cheetah to take refuge under a lady's piano, and that, too, in one of the largest military stations of Southern India; but these are not the creatures from which the exile of the East suffers daily and constant annoyance; we must look elsewhere for the plagues that fever his blood, in combination with the heat and the servants. At the head of all I should place the Indian crow—*corvus splendens*, I believe he is scientifically called—a sooty, diamond eyed rascal, the pest of the country and the people. In the Madras Club, and in many private houses, they keep a servant with a pellet bow in his hand on purpose to drive away these impudent birds from the reception room; nevertheless, despite peon and pellets, *corvus splendens* will alight on the handsome punkahs, and maliciously defile them, and such books and papers as may be on the tables beneath. The fine statue by Chantrey of the revered Sir Thomas Munroe, at Madras, is a favorite resting place of this rascally bird, to whom nothing is sacred, and the general's head is so whitened by the crows that he might well be called Sir Thomas Guano.

The cunning of this crow is incredible. From what I have seen myself, I can quite believe Sir Emerson Tenent's story of the one crow pulling the dog's tail while the other snatched the bone from between his paws, for I have observed them do almost everything but talk, and they are especially great in the thieving line. It would almost seem as if the spirits of innumerable Fagins and Artful Dodgers must animate the crow, in accordance with the Hindoo doctrine of transmigration of souls, and I am sure that even Jack Sheppard himself could not "crack a crib" more speedily and effectively than this cunning bird. Sometimes, however, he catches a Tartar, in the shape of the cook, when on his marauding expeditions. The natives dislike killing these birds, even when caught in the act of carrying off their curry, but they revenge themselves upon the thief, when they catch him, after the humane fashion of the mild Hindoo, and pluck the bird all over, leaving him nothing but his wings and tail to get away with. A most miserable object does the ex-*corvus splendens* present under these circumstances. He is a veritable scarecrow, and I imagine soon dies of hypochondria or melancholia on the ledge of a roof.

The crow is a bold bird too, and I will give an instance of his audacity. One time my house became so infested with crows that I determined to thin their numbers with a breech-loader. Before this the crows and myself were on as good terms as was possible under the circumstances. They didn't "caw, caw," I believe, more than they could help about the



windows and verandah, and they only stole the servants' things, rarely mine. The state of affairs was like the truce between Bertram and the smugglers in "Guy Mannering," and it would have been well with me if I had compromised with the thieves and let them alone, but I didn't. On that sanguinary morning I slaughtered a heap of the enemy, who fell from the clouds on their murdered comrades as fast as I could load and fire, so great was the multitude, and so long had they remained unmolested. In fact, by the time I had exhausted my cartridges, I might have said, with Alexander Selkirk, "their tameness was shocking to me." I supposed I was free from the enemy for a long time to come. Not a lit of it. The next morning I went out alone to gather some mushrooms on the plain beyond my bungalow, but had not gone far before I was pursued by a few crows, who screamed and cawed over my head with every expression of abhorrence and indignation, even swooping down at times as if to strike me with their wings. At first I laughed, but as I proceeded the crows increased in number. Crows from all parts of the cantonment arrived, attracted by the noise, and cawed and swooped over my head until I was fairly beaten by the clamor, and had to return to the house for peace sake. And for several days afterwards this happened, the crows even following me towards the parade ground when on horseback, until by degrees their number lessened, and it was only the rascals belonging to my own compound that saluted me with hoarse execrations whenever I appeared in their midst.

The reader may smile, but I can assure him it is no joke to make an enemy of the Indian crows. Overcome by heat and exhaustion, one may wish in vain for sleep. "Nature's sweet restorer," if crows are in the vicinity. They will "caw" you into a fever, and even a Quaker might swear under the provocation.

Next in the scale of nuisances I place the sparrow. Individually I suffer little from mosquitoes, or of course I should give the insect precedence; but sparrows are in truth a torment. They are as bold as the crows, and their twittering is nearly as aggravating as the "caws" of the others. I know little of the history of sparrows, but I am under the impression that when the cock and hen are not love-making they are laying, and when they are not laying they are building nests. They are never idle—would that they were! Now, in Indian bungalows the ceiling is often formed of a plastered white cloth that conceals the rafters, and inside this the sparrows love to build their nests, tearing holes in the rotten cloth with their stout bills for the purpose. Once they are in, you might as well have an organ grinder there, for all the peace the unhappy householder gets down below. Such flutterings, squeakings, twitterings, and thumpings as go on above the cloth, would drive any one mad; and unless, on Jack Mytton's principle of curing the hic-cough, one was to set fire to the house, there is little chance of getting rid of them. Once, with the thermometer at 92°, a sleepless night over whist and Van John, and an early parade all on top of each other, I was enraged to that extent, that I closed all the doors and windows, seized a pellet bow, and fired bullets in hundreds against the destroyers of my peace and happiness. But I could only kill one fat cock bird in exchange for quantities of dust in my eyes, a broken lamp, and a ruined picture through which I sent a golee or ball. Poisoned grain, I understand, destroys this pest, but I have a horror of using poison on anything animate, however obnoxious.

I could only once bring myself to administer arsenic to musk rats, another of the animal plagues of Indian life. There is nothing more hideous to my mind than one of these pig-like, obnoxious rats. I lived in a house that literally swarmed with

them, and there was nothing in the way of furniture or wearing apparel in the rooms that was not steeped in the oppressive odor of musk. They used actually to get into our beds at night and crawl over the body, until I thought of myself as the idle apprentice in Hogarth's celebrated bed picture. Everything I ate or drank had a flavor of musk, so that at last, driven to desperation, I set saucers of white arsenic and bread and milk about, and waited the result. It came in an unexpected manner, in the odor of putrefying animal matter, and when it was too late, I knew that there was a decomposing rat in every hole and corner of my unlucky mansion. If I had not quitted it immediately, I believe I should have shortly become a musk man myself.

A great nuisance in some parts of India is the insect called in the vernacular the "jeramundel." I don't profess to know what the Latin name of this creature may be, and can only say that it resembles a shrimp set on a Harry longlegs, and scuttles over the mats and floor with the speed of an express train. The natives say its bite is mortal, but I don't believe the statement. I never saw any one bitten by a jeramundel, but I have heard of people suffering great agony from the sting or bite, which should be commoner than it is, seeing that in the hot weather the jeramundels run about the carpets in scores, and nearly always at night. After the hot season they go to destruction somewhere, and joy be with them! But I prefer the jeramundel to the green bug that at the commencement of the rainy season swarms on our dinner tables, attracted by the light and shining white tablecloth. This species smells as rankly as any of the family, and, what is worse, tastes as he smells. Any one doubting this fact has only to dine in India during the rains to be convinced of its veracity. He will be sure to get one or two in his beer, soup, or mutton, the flavor of which will remain on his palate for the whole night afterwards.

Hardly less irritating are the flying ants, which arrive in company, and, leaving their wings where they fall, crawl over the plates and dishes, reminding one of the insect plagues of Egypt.

The true bug is, I need hardly say, as common in Indian bedsteads as in seaside mattresses. Even with the precaution of iron cots, they swarm on the bedclothes, and, though one grows in some sort accustomed to their presence, they are one of the most disgusting plagues of the country. Your mosquito, if he bites you, does so like a gentleman at least, and there is nothing odorous or repellent about him, except the blood he extracts from your corpus; but a bug is the very essence of vulgarity, and to be bitten by one is to be degraded.

*(To be Continued.)*

PRODUCE OF THE EARTH.—Take the potato from Ireland and starvation comes. Famine recently had its hold on Bengal on account of its rice crop. Bread fruit in West India is both food and clothing. Heaven sends it and causes it to grow, and the lazy natives ask nothing further. And yet all these yield to the despised bamboo. We go fishing with these poles; the Chinese eat them. The uses to which it is put render it a national benefactor. Houses, boats, screens and water-wheels are made of it, together with fences, ropes, furniture, hats, umbrellas, and all varieties of weapons, lamp-wicks, pencils, brushes, pens, aqueducts, telescopes, and a thousand other things of daily use. We might almost say that were the bamboo to perish suddenly from off the earth the whole Chinese Empire would collapse.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



Is it Godlike to be cruel? Is there anything ennobling in abusing the dumb creatures of our God? Yet how many do commit this wrong. Some thoughtlessly—some, we regret to say, intentionally, and apparently with no excuse, but simply from sheer wantonness. Let us refer to a few examples.

Pigeon shooting matches have within the past few years been introduced into Utah. The sport of pigeon shooting, if it can be called a sport, seems a mockery, when the sufferings of its victims are brought closely home to us. The poor birds, left to die in heaps, mangled, mutilated, with backs broken, limbs fractured, flesh torn and every nerve quivering with pain, may well excite the pity of every humane being. But what is the excuse of those who indulge in this practice?

It is sometimes urged in defense of pigeon shooting matches that the design is to cultivate skill in shooting; but surely this can be obtained without subjecting innocent birds to so much pain and suffering. Then it is a fashionable amusement; and fashion in the eyes of some folks covers a multitude of follies.

There is another kind of cruelty, often practiced but seldom thought of. A young man in one of our settlements is invited to a party in some neighboring town. He saddles his horse and rides briskly, perhaps furiously, say five or ten miles to the place of gathering. His horse is sweating with the exertion of the journey, but it is left standing unsheltered, exposed to a freezing wind or biting snow storm for some six or seven hours of the night. When the dance being over, the youth returns as rapidly as the half-frozen limbs of the poor animal will enable it to carry him. Home is reached once more, and without any further attention the horse is consigned to a corral or to something called a stable, to again endure the rigors of wind and snow. As a result, the youth soon learns that his horse is foundered.

Thousands of horses and cattle have died in this Territory through want of attention. They have died lingering deaths of cold and starvation, when turned out on the bleak, shelterless ranges during the winter season, to rough it as best they may, to be brought up and worked during the summer, and again turned out on the approach of another winter. Is this the way to make a good use of the blessings of God, or to increase the talents He has made us stewards over?

Again, many treat their animals with much cruelty by overworking them, or making them work when sick or suffering from sore shoulders, etc., by underfeeding them, by unmercifully whipping them, and in many other ways.

How marked is the difference between man's cruelty and thoughtlessness to the mute creation, and God's care for all the works of His hands. The ancient Mosaic law, hard as it was for men to live up to, did not omit to regulate the conduct of the Israelites towards their cattle. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" is written in this law,

and again, the people were told that on the seventh day they should not do any work, neither they, their children, nor their servants, not even their oxen, their asses nor their cattle; these had rest given to them on the Sabbath day by the express command of their Maker.

How great is the concern manifested by God for the beasts of the field, in the reasons he gives to Jonah for sparing the great city of Nineveh, whose people had repented at the preaching of this prophet. Jonah felt that after he had proclaimed in the streets of this vast city "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown" that the Lord insulted him by not fulfilling his words. But the great Ruler of the universe showed the prophet his folly, and when the latter had learned the lesson, He gave him as reasons why He did not destroy the city when its people turned from their sins, that therein were more than six score thousand persons who could not discern between their left and right hands, and also *much cattle*.

In some of the countries of Europe and in the Eastern States societies have been formed for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Their work is a noble one: to protect those who cannot protect themselves. Something akin to this is needed in some parts of Utah, by which men may be taught that even beasts have rights which must be respected and which can be enforced by law where humanity and good sense have no hold. It is a shameful sight to see a man or boy abusing the position he claims as the lord of creation by ill-using, torturing or destroying those who, being helpless, are given unto his care as servants, for him to make a good use of, and at the same time treat with kindness and provide for with thoughtfulness.

**SWEARING.**—It is no mark of a gentleman to swear. The most worthless and vile, the refuse of mankind, the drunkard and the prostitute swear as well as the best dressed and educated person. No particular endowments are requisite to give a finish to the art of cursing. The basest and meanest of mankind swear with as much tact and skill as the most refined; and he that wishes to degrade himself to the very lowest level of pollution and shame should learn to be a common swearer. Any man has talents enough to learn to curse God, and imprecate perdition on himself and fellow-men. Profane swearing never did any man any good. No man is the richer, or wiser, or happier for it. It helps no one's education or manners. It commends no one to any society. It is disgusting to the refined, abominable to the good; insulting to those with whom we associate; degrading to the mind; unprofitable, needless, and injurious to society; and wantonly to profane His name, to call His vengeance down, to curse Him, and to invoke His wrath, is perhaps of all offences the most awful in the sight of God.

"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;  
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise."

THERE is something instructive and encouraging for young men in the history and present position of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, now Premier of the Dominion of Canada. He started in life with no capital but his brains and his hands, and worked at his chosen avocation as a stonemason, and subsequently as a practical farmer. By perseverance and untiring energy, united with sterling integrity, he pushed himself up to the highest position in the country of his adoption.

## ST. BERNARD DOGS.

PERHAPS all our readers have heard of the noble dogs of St. Bernard; but it may be that some of them do not know much about them, and will be glad to learn the facts which we are about to state.

One of the most famous, but at the same time one of the most dangerous, passes or paths over the Alps Mountains from Switzerland to Italy, is the grand St. Bernard pass. The Romans trod this pass a hundred years before Christ lived on the earth, and crowned it with the temple of Jupiter. A Roman army crossed it in A. D. 69, and another in 186; an uncle of Charlemagne went across it with an army in 773; and last, but not least, Napoleon led 30,000 men over it in A. D. 1800. More than twenty thousand men cross it every year.

And yet as we stated, it is a very dangerous pass. In some places the road is very steep and narrow, and in the winter season it is covered with snow, and even in summer a snow storm will come on very suddenly, and often when the morning has been bright and pleasant. The storms, too, there sometimes rage with great fury, and they bring down avalanches of ice and snow from the heights above. Many travelers perish in the snow every year, but not so many as used to be the case in former times.

On the very top of the pass, and in a bitter cold region, a refuge for travelers, called a "Hospice," has been established, and from this refuge there go forth every day in search of lost travelers some of the monks or servants who live in the Hospice, accompanied, each of them, by two of the St. Bernard dogs. Occasionally the dogs are sent without the men, especially in stormy nights. This refuge was founded in A. D. 962, by Count Bernard, of Menthon in Savoy, who, though of a noble family, gave his wealth and forty years of his life to the protection and entertainment of travelers between Switzerland and Italy. At first the house was very small, but now it is a large granite building, four stories high, and can contain a large number of travelers. In the chapel, bright with white paint and gilding, and among pictures of martyrs and saints, is placed the picture of the first St. Bernard dog, the ancestor of them all. He is nearly life size, and stands by the side of St. Bernard, with his noble head raised to his master's hand. The monk, in his brown frock, and his grand head shrouded by his cowl, and a chisel in one arm, looks just the man to have lived (as they say he did) alone on that spot for years in a solitary cell, and the dog to have been just the good, brave dog they say he was.

About a dozen of the monks of the order of St. Augustine, with as many of the St. Bernard dogs, watch here through the

long wintry days and nights for the snow-shrouded travelers. Only about fifteen years can be lived here by these kind-hearted men, and only about half that time by the faithful animals who share with them the bitter cold and the many dangers to which they are exposed.

Every day in winter, and almost every day in summer, the pass is traversed by some of the monks, or the mountaineers employed by them, and the dogs; but on extraordinary occasions,—in thick fogs, thunder storms and snow storms—almost the whole population of the convent will turn out in company with the dogs, furnished with biers, cordials, cloaks and everything necessary for exhausted travelers.

The dogs rejoice exceedingly in the good work in which they are engaged, and they rush out with a gladsome bound and lead the way through the storm. Indeed, the men would be of little or no use without the dogs. These keen-scented animals will find out the traveler when the men never could—will find him even if covered with fifteen or twenty feet of snow. The monks say that the dogs will scent a body in the snow fully three miles, and that they are of the greatest use to

them in guiding them across fresh fallen snow or through drifts, walking carefully on, buried all but their tails, which they carry straight up like a hound, the monks following the guiding of the warning tail, which is all they generally see of their dogs above the snow.

As soon as the dogs find some poor famishing man, they, by motions, lead him to take some of the wine or brandy they carry in a flask strapped around their necks, and if he can walk they lead him toward the

monks or to the convent. If he cannot walk, one of the two dogs remains with him, and the other hastens back to guide the monks to the spot. In those cases where the travelers are covered with snow, they scratch it away with their feet, and keep up at the same time a loud barking to attract the monks to the spot. If, when the snow is scratched away, the man is benumbed, and the monks have not come, one of them tries to revive the man by breathing on his face, or by lying on his body to impart some of his own warmth, while the other hastens for the human deliverers. Not that all the dogs act thus wisely, but the more intelligent and experienced of them do.

The rescued men, when unable to walk, are carried by the monks and their servants to clean, comfortable rooms in the convent, where a change of clothing and all needed attendance and food are cheerfully provided, and that without charge. When they are able to leave the refuge, some of the good brothers and the dogs go with them to guide them safely off the mountains.



And not alone are rescued travelers thus kindly treated, but all who go over the grand St. Bernard Pass are welcome to the shelter and refreshment of the refuge, and some years no less than twenty-three thousand persons are entertained there, and the average number each year is twenty thousand.

When Napoleon Bonaparte made his celebrated passage of the Alps, he rested and refreshed himself at this house. The room in which he rested is still preserved, and is over the front door. The present Prince of Wales also rested here, and he afterwards sent the monks a very fine piano as a token of the kindness he received. The reception room is hung with beautiful engravings and paintings presented by other grateful travelers.

Each person who stops at the refuge is provided with a room and a good supper and breakfast, without money and without price. It may well be asked, how do these monks get money enough to feed so many thousands. In the summer time, hundreds of persons of means from the United States, England and other countries, who are traveling for pleasure, visit this celebrated refuge, and most of them put something into the box which is next to the door. But the greater part of those who are entertained are poor people seeking work, and using this as the shortest route between Italy and Switzerland. Most of these are able to give but very little, and others nothing at all. But the very poorest, and those who are most likely to give nothing, are treated by the monks just the same as the rich, and those who are likely to give largely. As the money received at the refuge is much less than is necessary for its support, some of the monks go out in the summer season, each accompanied by a dog, to ask contributions from persons living in the neighboring part of Italy and Switzerland, and some of those who never crossed the mountains are more generous than others who have been kindly treated while at the refuge.

There is not a tree nor a shrub within five miles of the refuge on either side. All the wood, as well as all the provisions of every kind, must be brought up the mountains on mules, and there are only three months in a year when it can be done, on account of snow storms. The refuge is on the highest inhabited spot in Europe, and at that great height the air is so rarefied that the water will not boil, nor fire burn, as soon as at the foot of the mountains. Nearly double the time is required to prepare the meals, and of course double the amount of fuel is used, and the expenses of the convent are very heavy, though the monks receive nothing themselves but their food and clothing, and that though they are well-educated, gentlemanly men.

We have spoken of these brave men and their favorite animals as the rescuers of those ready to perish; but sometimes they themselves are overwhelmed by heavy snow drifts and huge avalanches. On one occasion two of these men and two dogs perished through great masses of ice and snow coming down upon them, and upon the person whom they were guiding down the mountain. At another time a monk, three servants, and all the dogs then at the refuge perished in an avalanche, buried fifteen feet deep!

An entirely new set of dogs had to be obtained from a place where these animals are reared, which is two or three miles below the refuge. In consequence of the extreme cold, the puppies cannot be reared at the Hospice; so, like royal infants, they have an establishment of their own, the nursery being a large chalet kept for the purpose.

The custom is to send out two dogs together to search for travelers, one of the two being a young one, for the purpose of its learning from the old one; but in this case there were no

experienced animals for the young ones to learn from, and the monks had to give much more time to their training than is usually necessary. But great care is always taken in the feeding and training of the dogs, and the monks make great pets of them, and they delight in telling interesting stories concerning the more intelligent and useful of them.

Two of the most noted of these animals were named Paris and Drapeau. They saved many lives, and sometimes in very skillful ways. But the most famous of all the dogs was Barry. He was the most intelligent, amiable and successful of them all. During a life of little more than twelve years he saved the lives of forty-eight travelers. Nothing is said to have equaled his pleasure when he succeeded in saving a traveler from perishing in the snow. He used to show his satisfaction by joyful leaps, barking, wagging his tail—in short, in every possible way. Once he brought to life a child, and by continued caresses led him to mount his back, and thus carried him to the convent.

This splendid dog met his death through his kind efforts being misunderstood. One day having found a man nearly frozen to death in the snow—a deserter from the Austrian army—the noble animal by unceasing efforts succeeded in reviving him. The soldier, unable to account for the presence of a dog in the dreary solitude, frightened out of his wits by its loud barking, and supposing it had been sent by his pursuers to track him, drew his sword and plunged it in the heart of his deliverer. Thus died the noblest dog that ever lived. Barry's skin has been carefully stuffed, and is now in the Museum of Natural History at Berne. This noble creature was considered the most perfect type of the St. Bernard dog.

The dog on the right hand of the picture we give is called Young Barry, because of his great resemblance to Old Barry. Let us hope that he will be as good and useful an animal as the latter, and that no one will mistake his kind intentions.

## A SMILE.

A SMILE! Nothing on earth can smile but man! Gems may flash reflected light; but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? Flowers cannot smile: this is a charm that even they cannot claim. It is the prerogative of man; it is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband, or friend, that it is at home and waiting. A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, more bewitching than either. But all smiles are not alike. The cheerfulness of vanity is not like the cheerfulness of love; the smile of gratified pride is not like the radiance of goodness and truth. The rains of summer fall alike upon trees and shrubs; but when the storm passes, and every leaf hangs a-drip, each gentle puff of wind brings down the petty shower, and every drop brings with it something of the nature of the leaf or blossom on which it hung; the roadside leaf yields dust, the walnut leaf bitterness; some flowers poison, while the wild grape blossom, the rose, the sweet-brier, lend their aroma to the twinkling dew, and send them down in perfumed drops. And so it is with smiles, which every heart perfumes according to its nature—selfishness is acrid; pride, bitter; good-will, sweet and fragrant.

HE who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessities.



## A LITTLE HERO.

IN the city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true story I am about to relate—but no longer “little,” as the perilous adventure which made him famous in his native town happened many years ago.

Our hero was then a bright and active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 1835 the father worked in a factory, about a mile from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner across a piece of meadow land.

One keen frosty day he found the snow on the meadow nearly two feet deep, and no track of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise, and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from the house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down!

He had fallen into a well. He sank down, down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of it rested on the bottom of the well—the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all was in vain, as it was impossible to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife he cut off his boots, that he might go to work with greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, to take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side being from that point covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God and prayed fervently for help, fearing that he should never get out alone.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest—panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well!

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man had to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him in his own warm over-coat, and took him home to “mother.”

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over her lad, and kissed him and thanked God for him.

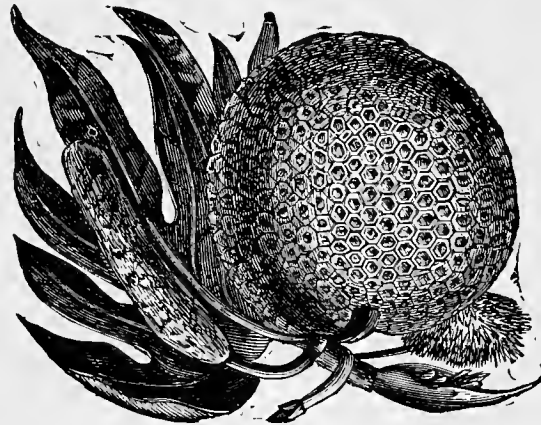
There is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

I trust that this brave boy found and brought up from there this truth:—“God helps those who help themselves.”—

*Selected.*

## BREAD FRUIT.

THE bread-fruit was first made known to the people of Europe by a Spaniard named Mendano. In the year 1595, while on a voyage, he discovered the Marquesas Islands in the South Seas, where he met with this valuable fruit. He says: “It grows to the size of a boy’s head; when ripe it is of a light green color, but of a strong green before it is ripe; the outside or rind is streaked crosswise like a pineapple; the form is not entirely round, but becomes narrow towards the end; the stalk runs to the middle of the fruit, where there is a kind of web; it has neither stone nor kernel, nor is any part unprofitable except the rind, which is thin, and has but little moisture; it is eaten many ways, and by the natives is called white food; it is well tasted, wholesome, and nutritious.”



The tree is of the greatest value to the islander of the South Seas. It not only shelters his hut, and adds to the beauty of the scene, but two or three of these trees yield so much fruit as to be almost sufficient to feed his family. The fruit is baked in an earthen oven, and becomes soft, tender, white, and has a similar taste to bread. From the timber the native builds his house and makes his canoe; the juice he uses for glue; the dried flowers serve him for tinder; the leaves for towels; and from the inner bark he makes a kind of cloth.

We see the wonderful care of God in causing fruit to grow for man. Some people have wheat, others rice; some barley and oats; and others the bread-fruit tree.

BELLS AND AGE.—A fiddle improves by age and use; a piano does not, neither does a bell. There is, perhaps, a slight improvement for the first few years, but afterwards the quality deteriorates. Metal, we know, is altered by repeated and long continued hammering. Thump a piece of iron, and you change the quality of its magnetism; the shock of the waves modifies the magnetism of an iron ship; and some of the music is knocked out of a bell by long continued use of the clapper. A peculiar effect is noticed in the bell of Cripple Church when it strikes twelve. The first two or three strokes are distinct and clear, then a discord begins, which accumulates with every stroke, until with the eleventh and twelfth a complete double sound is produced.

# Questions and Answers

## ON THE BIBLE.

### BOOK OF JUDGES.

#### LESSON LXXVII.

- Q.—Whom did Gideon ask also for assistance?  
 A.—The men of Penuel.  
 Q.—What reply did they make?  
 A.—“As the men of Succoth had answered him.”  
 Q.—What did Gideon say to the men of Penuel?  
 A.—That when he came again in peace, he would break down their power.  
 Q.—How many men were left with Zebah and Zalmunna?  
 A.—Fifteen thousand.  
 Q.—How many of the Midianites had already been slain?  
 A.—“One hundred and twenty thousand men that drew sword.”  
 Q.—What success did Gideon have in his pursuit?  
 A.—He took the two kings and discomfited all the host.  
 Q.—How many princes and elders of Succoth were there?  
 A.—Three score and seventeen.  
 Q.—How did Gideon teach the men of Succoth?  
 A.—With thorns of the wilderness and briers, as he had promised them.  
 Q.—What did he do to the men of Penuel?  
 A.—He beat down their tower, and slew the men of the city.  
 Q.—Whom did the kings of the Midianites destroy at Tabor?  
 A.—The brethren of Gideon.  
 Q.—Who did the kings say these resembled?  
 A.—The children of a king.  
 Q.—What did Gideon say when he heard that his brethren had been killed?  
 A.—“As the Lord liveth, if ye had saved them alive I would not slay you.”  
 Q.—Who did Gideon tell to slay these kings?  
 A.—Jether, his firstborn.  
 Q.—Did he do so?  
 A.—No, he was afraid.  
 Q.—Why was he afraid?  
 A.—Because he was yet a youth.  
 Q.—What did Zebah and Zalmunna then say to Gideon?  
 A.—“Rise thou and fall upon us: for as the man is, so is his strength.”  
 Q.—Did Gideon do as they requested?  
 A.—Yes, he arose and slew them.  
 Q.—What then did the men of Israel say unto Gideon?  
 A.—“Rule thou over us, both thou, and thy son, and thy son's son also.”  
 Q.—What was Gideon's reply?  
 A.—“I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you; the Lord shall rule over you.”  
 Q.—What did Gideon ask the men of Israel to give him?  
 A.—Every man the earrings of his prey.  
 Q.—What did they answer?  
 A.—“We will willingly give them.”  
 Q.—What was the weight of the earrings?  
 A.—One thousand and seven hundred shekels of gold.  
 Q.—How long was the country in quietness after the Midianites were subdued?  
 A.—Forty years.  
 Q.—How many sons did Gideon have?  
 A.—Three score and ten.  
 Q.—When did Gideon die?  
 A.—“In a good old age.”  
 Q.—Where was he buried?  
 A.—In the sepulchre of Joash, his father.  
 Q.—How did the children of Israel act after the death of Gideon?  
 A.—They forgot the Lord and went after other gods.

# Questions and Answers

## ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

#### LESSON LXXVII.

- Q.—Of what people were those persons who threw down their weapons and would not kill their brethren?  
 A.—They belonged to neither the Amalekites or Amulonites, but were actual descendants of Laman and Lemuel.  
 Q.—How many joined the church at this time?  
 A.—More than a thousand.  
 Q.—Who slew the most of Anti-Nephi-Lehi's people?  
 A.—The Amulonites and Amalekites.  
 Q.—Where did these wicked Lamanites then go?  
 A.—They went over to the borders of the land of Zarahemla.  
 Q.—What people did they first come to?  
 A.—The people who were in the land of Ammonihah.  
 Q.—What did they do to the people of Ammonihah?  
 A.—They destroyed them.  
 Q.—In the battles with the Nephites, who were successful?  
 A.—The Nephites were; they killed many of their enemies.  
 Q.—Of what denomination were the most of the slain?  
 A.—They were principally priests of Noah.  
 Q.—What became of those who were not killed?  
 A.—They fled into the east wilderness.  
 Q.—What did they do there?  
 A.—They took away the power from the Lamanites who belonged to the church.  
 Q.—How did they treat many of these believers?  
 A.—They caused that many should be burned.  
 Q.—Afterwards how did they begin to feel?  
 A.—They recalled the words of Aaron and his brethren and began to believe the words of God.  
 Q.—What did the remnant of the people of Amulon try to do?  
 A.—They endeavored to put to death the Lamanites who had joined the church.  
 Q.—What was the result of this?  
 A.—The Lamanites began to hunt the Amulonites, and to slay them.  
 Q.—When the Lamanites returned to their homes what people did many of them join?  
 A.—The people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi.  
 Q.—What did they do after they joined this people?  
 A.—They buried their weapons of war.  
 Q.—How did Ammon and his brethren feel when they saw this peaceful disposition among the people?  
 A.—They rejoiced exceedingly.  
 Q.—How did the Amalekites feel when they were forced to return home?  
 A.—They were very angry, because of the loss of their people.  
 Q.—What did they do?  
 A.—They incited the Lamanites to war again.  
 Q.—Would the people of God fight with their enemies?  
 A.—No; they lay down and some were killed in this position.  
 Q.—When Ammon and his brethren saw this destruction going on what did they propose to do?  
 A.—To flee to the land of Zarahemla.  
 Q.—What did the king say in answer to this proposition?  
 A.—He said that the Nephites would destroy them if they should go.  
 Q.—What did Ammon then offer to do?  
 A.—To enquire of the Lord about what they should do.  
 Q.—Did the king agree to this?  
 A.—Yes; if the Lord said to go they would obey.  
 Q.—Did Ammon do as he promised?  
 A.—Yes and the Lord told him to gather the people and go to the land of Zarahemla.

## Old America.

BY G. M. O.

### NOAH.

IT is not at all unreasonable to assign an American nativity to Noah, and to assert that the ark was built in this country. When the subject of Noah's ark is mentioned the mind at once associates it with Mount Ararat, because there, on the subsiding of the flood, it rested. And this very fact precludes the possibility of its having been built there and our Bible distinctly says that the ark "went upon the face of the waters," which also clearly demonstrates that it did not stand still or float over one particular spot during the flood. It was borne upon the waters above the earth, and "went" from the place of its building, following the current of the waters. Now when we study the geology of the earth's surface, especially that age called the "drift period," we find opinions varied and conflicting as to the causes or origin of the drift, the most reasonable theory, and one very widely adopted, attributes the effects to the deluge of Noah. This great drift has a general eastern direction. This mixture of boulders, gravel and sand has been carried along evidently by powerful currents in almost a uniform direction all over the world, and plainly points out the course and power of the waters when "all the fountains of the great deep were broken up" on the day the flood commenced. We cannot conceive how this great breaking up was effected. The scriptures, aiming to inculcate principles of a higher and more important degree to man than the mere answering of questions of this sort, leave the solution to mere conjecture. Many suppose there was a gradual sinking of the land until the waters submerged all continents, but the very reading "broken up" signifies power, force and violence: a sudden burst and one wide overwhelming rush, in its onward motion sweeping ruin over the face of the earth. Mr. Priest advances a most reasonable theory: "The well-known velocity of the earth in its onward motion around the sun is about twenty-five miles a second. Let God, who first imposed this inconceivable velocity, suddenly stop the earth in its motion: what would the effect be? All the waters would rush forward with a power equal to their weight, which would be sufficient to overcome any impediment whatever. Rushing around the globe, rolling one half of the tremendous flood around this side, and one half over the other side, until the two should meet at the extreme east, when, heaping up above a common level, they would roll back to their original places as the earth should again resume its motion. The law of gravitation would prevent the waters from leaving the surface, and would cause a rapid current in the direction in which the earth is revolving.

We are not only told of this great breaking up in holy writ, but the newly discovered Chaldean record of Noah's flood, written on tablets now in possession of the British Museum, and translated by Mr. Smith, reads as follows, the figures given meaning the respective numbers of the tablets:

86. he spake saying, in the night "I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily"

92. The raging of a storm in the morning.

93. arose, from the horizon of heaven extending and wide,

94. Vul in the midst of it thundered, and

95. Nebo and Saru went in front;

98. Ninip went in front, and east down;

99. the spirits carried destruction;

100. in their glory they swept the earth;

101. of Vul the flood reached to heaven;

102. the bright earth to a waste was turned;

104. it destroyed all life, from the face of the earth . . . .

124. which had destroyed like an earthquake.

This narrative, so strikingly similar to the Bible narration, was found in the ruins of Nineveh, and date only from the age of Sardanapalus in the sixth or seventh century B. C.; yet they were copies of much more ancient documents, on every tablet it is so stated. At the same time those mighty waves were rolling over the earth the waters above the earth burst downward. So that one vast perpetual tornado for forty days and nights lent its aid in the great destruction. This we suppose to be meaning of the words, "And the windows of heaven were opened." Modern science has given us very accurately drawn charts of the course of the winds through the atmosphere surrounding us. We have no reason to believe these wind currents have changed since the creation. Now the prevailing current of wind over the central part of North America is from the west, and possibly this was the course followed by the tornado during the deluge. Now if the ark had been built in Armenia where the mountain Ararat is situated, and it is found that the wind and currents have a general eastern direction, the ark would, during the one hundred and fifty days or five months of the deluge (that is from the commencement until the waters gained their greatest depth), have gone in an eastern course, say at the rate of about forty miles a day, some six thousand miles or beyond China; or if it floated faster, it would have left the ark somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. This would be an unreasonable theory to adopt, being entirely inconsistent. But the ark being built in America, somewhere, we may imagine in the latitude of Missouri, when taken up by the eastern borne current, and wafted by the hurricane following the same course, it is not out of the way to suppose it to have progressed as far as Ararat, some six or seven thousand miles from America, even had it traveled at a more rapid rate than forty or fifty miles a day. Over sixteen hundred years had passed from the creation until the ark was finished. In this time mankind had increased and multiplied and spread out far beyond the country around Eden (the Mississippi Valley), as signs of an antediluvian population indicate, and we may suppose the ark was built some distance east of the Garden, between the States of New York and Missouri. Couple this supposition with the circumstances connected with the flood, the current flowing from America, with the fact of the ark's resting in an easterly direction from this country, and we can form no other reasonable conclusion than that here the miraculous vessel was constructed and freighted with its treasure of animal life, and the progenitors designed and set apart to renew the human race. That the ancient Americans knew of the deluge is beyond dispute, as we have several versions of the story of the flood that have been handed down as tradition by different nations, and in one instance we have a picture-written description of it, an old Toltec record, fortunately preserved from the wholesale destruction that followed the Conquest. We will describe this writing and give the traditions of the Aztecs, Zapotecas, Caribs, and Mandans in a future paper, as properly they do not come under this heading, they having received their knowledge from their forefathers, the descendants of Noah, after the flood, and when America was again re-peopled.

In our last article we assigned the creation of man to this country. Now Adam and Noah beyond dispute were countrymen, in fact relatives. Noah being a lineal descendant from

Adam, let us couple the evidence presented in relation to the building of the ark in America with the antediluvian remains found and mentioned in relation to Adam, and we have additional reason to assign the honor to America as being the original Paradise, and the home of our first parents.

### OLD DUTCH PROVERBS.

**W**E must row with the oars we have, and, as we cannot order the wind, we are obliged to sail with the wind that God gives.

Patience and attention will bring us far. If a cat watches long enough at a mouse's nest, the mouse will not escape.

The plowman must go up and down, and whatever else may be done, there is no other but the long way to do the work well.

Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chicken goes to roost it is a good time for the fox.

Fools always ask what time it is, but wise men know their time.

Grind while the wind is fair, and if you neglect, do not complain of God's providence.

God gives food to every bird, but He does not bring it to the nest; in like manner He gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

The dawn of day has got gold in its mouth.

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving, always will be in a cloud of dust.

Never set your foot in a dirty or crooked path for the love of money. It is a work that will bring bad interest if you wish to suck honey off thistles.

You will need a long spoon if you wish to eat with the devil out of the same dish.

### TIGER CATCHING.

**J**AMRACH, a London dealer in animals, gives the particulars of tiger capture in Asia. Full grown tigers are never brought away for the use of showmen, as they cannot be tamed, and make trouble by gnawing and breaking their cages. Therefore only those under six months old are captured. The natives stealthily watch the lairs at the time of breeding, and upon waylaying a male at a distance from the female and her litter, shoot him. For his head they get a government reward of fifty rupees. When the cubs are old enough to live without their mother, she is also shot and beheaded. The capture of the young ones is then safe and easy. They are kept at Calcutta until after teething, and are thence sent to the purchasers. The Sultan of Turkey buys many, but most of them go to menageries in various parts of the world. Tigers are also killed by the natives for their skins, which, if handsomely marked, are worth a hundred rupees each. The claws, too, are bought by the Indian jewelers, and sold for ornaments. Jamrach says that the number of men eaten by tigers in Singapore is very great, and that an average of one Chinese wood-chopper disappears every day.

A SHARP observer of grown-up men and women reports that he has often noticed people possessing the peculiarity of three hands—a right hand, a left hand, and a little behind-hand.

LET the folly of yesterday make the wise to day.

## Selected Poetry.

### DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd, the world is large enough  
For you as well as me;  
The doors of all are open wide—  
The realm of thought is free.  
In all earth's places you are right  
To chase the best you can—  
Provided that you do not try  
To crowd some other man.  
Don't crowd the good from out your heart  
By fostering all that's bad.  
But give to every virtue room—  
The best that may be had;  
To each day's record such a one  
That you may well be proud;  
Give each his right—give each his room,  
And never try to crowd.

### CHARADE.

BY E. F. PARRY.

I AM composed of 15 letters:

My 1, 3, 2, 4, 5, 9, 6, was the name of a famous woman in ancient times;

My 11, 15, 8, is an animal whose example we should follow;

My 3, 15, 13, 14, is the name of a vegetable;

My 8, 13, 15, 12, is a shade of color;

My 4, 6, 12, is a natural mousetrap;

My 3, 10, 12, 11, 5, 9, 14, is the name of a large lake;

My whole is one of the greatest evils in a business as well as social life.

The answer to the Charade published in Number 23 is NEBUCHADNEZZAR. We have received correct solutions from Orissa A. Allred, Lydia L. Allred, Luanna A. Booth, St. Charles; Jas. Stirling, Coalville; Alvina Harker, Taylorsville; Mary A. McNeil, Bountiful; Maria M. Miller, Richfield; J. M. Ballinger, Pleasant Grove; Sarah Jensen, Huldah Jensen, Brigham City; Chas. J. Brain, Elizabeth White, Catherine K. Palmer, M. E. Letham, Rebecca J. Noall, Salt Lake City.

TOWERS are measured by their shadows, and great men by their calumniators.

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